



Dinos

*And when the dreams had faded  
Into a yellow green cloud  
I knew  
That I had let  
A thousand other lives  
Fall from my hand  
Like the cat, who this morning  
Slipped through my arms —  
A drop of mercury  
That shattered on the floor  
Into millions of stars  
I could never recover.*

*And when the dream was red  
I was a dragon  
Who tore his cobweb bones  
Into galaxies of needles  
To sting myself.  
And for one night only  
To sharpen his claws  
Against the gates of Heaven.*

*—Paul Rochberg  
1944-1964*

EDITOR'S NOTE: Concerning the four parables which are included under the pen name of Clown, the author and *Dinos* staff would like to make it clear that these pieces were not intended to offend anyone's religious beliefs. They are rather one writer's efforts to deal with and overcome religious hypocrisy in order to seek the true spirituality of religion.

Joe Milson, the author of these parables, has chosen the pen name "Clown" as it has connotations of both frivolity and deep sadness. A clown, traditionally is able to handle serious subjects in a humorous vein. We feel that Joe has done this without losing sight of his original objectives. While his statement is basically Christian, we feel that it has general implications for all men who have come to grips with religious experience. —MARIE MARGOLIS, *Editor*

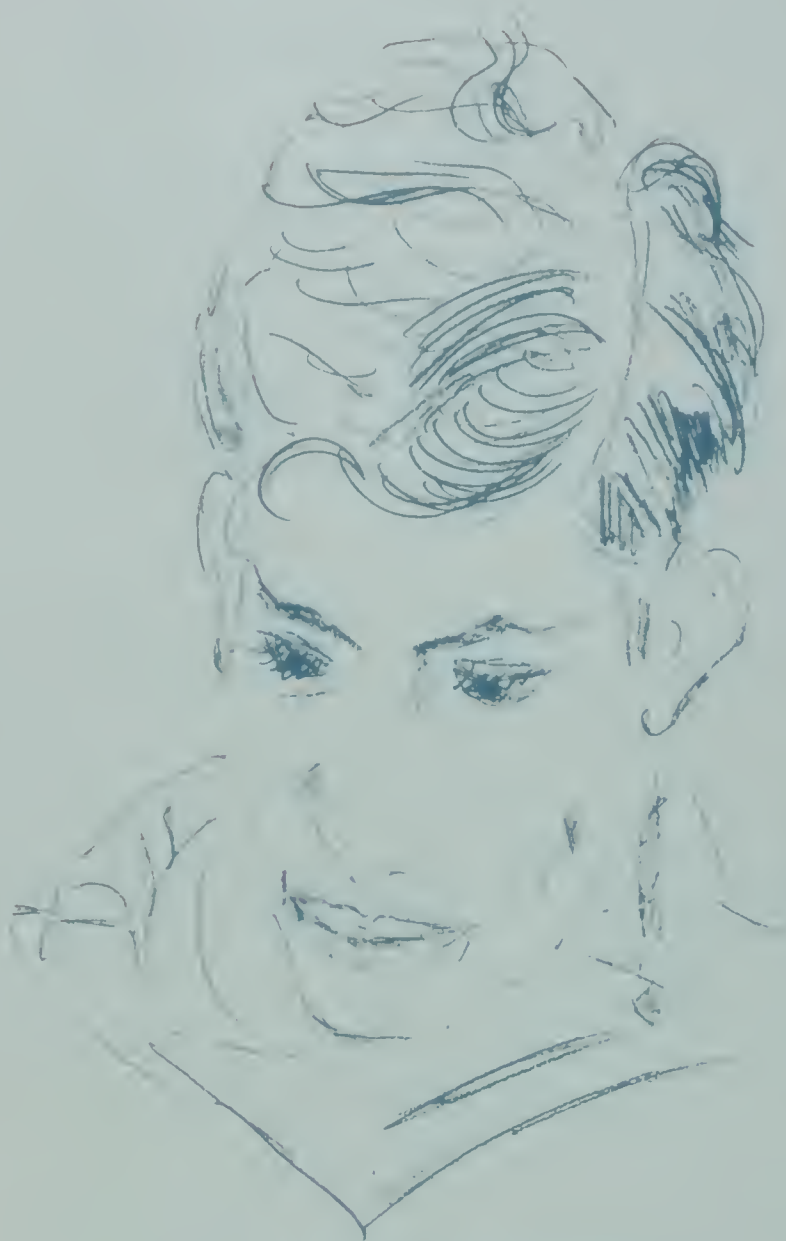
DINOS — SPRING '69

Vol. 9 — No. 1

Marple Newtown Senior High School

120 Media Line Road

Newtown Square, Pennsylvania



PAUL ROCHBERG

1944 - 1964

Paul Rochberg was born in Minneapolis on September 28, 1944. He began his rather varied education at the Overseas School in Rome while his father was a Fellow of the American Academy in 1950-51. Paul loved Italy and quickly absorbed its language. In 1953 his family settled in Newtown Square, and Paul attended local schools. He was given another opportunity to exhibit his skill with languages in 1957 when his family lived in Mexico for six months. It was a year later at the age of fourteen that Paul began to write poetry. He composed over a hundred poems and four stories, including *The Silver Talons of Piero Kostrov*. Some of his work, prose and poetry, has been published in prominent literary magazines across the country. He also received a posthumous award for his work in a nation-wide competition.

In 1961 Paul entered the Haverford School as a senior. Six weeks later it was discovered that Paul had a brain tumor. Against all odds, including paralysis, which Paul overcame by teaching himself to walk again, Paul graduated from Haverford in 1963 and entered the University of Pennsylvania that fall. He was able to attend classes for only one term.

Paul lived with the thought of death for three years while undergoing a series of painful operations in a vain effort to stop the brain tumor which eventually took his life on November 22, 1964.

## DEDICATION

We of the *Dinos* staff wish to dedicate this issue to the magazine's founder — Paul Rochberg. As a junior at Marple Newtown High School, Paul enlisted the interest and support of Dr. Stover for a literary magazine in which the creativity of talented students could be expressed. With Dr. Stover's aid, the energy and imagination of the first staff, and the devoted help of Mrs. Levin, the first issue of *Dinos* was born. Why *Dinos*? The word is Greek and means vortex: a metaphor for the spinning whirlpool of human experience which, having gone round and round, is finally drawn to a center. And Greek? Because they "had a word for it."

Perhaps it was chance that Paul Rochberg was a student at Marple Newtown, but there was a design that made him a member of that small group of poets who live only briefly but leave behind a legacy of great beauty. Much more could be said of Paul's creative genius and of his bravery in the face of impending death. Instead we have chosen to print one of Paul's many poems for it is his work that lives and will live for him.

Paul's life ended at the age of twenty. Although it was brief, it was memorable and rich in dreams. In the poem on the preceding page, Paul speaks of some of these dreams. *Dinos* is the realization of only one of his many dreams . . .

—MARIE MARGOLIS, *Editor*

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Love is  
Love is NOT

It comes, and  
It goes

It brings  
SUNlight  and happiness,

It leaves,  
darkness and pain,

....  
until it comes again

Sissy McCaffrey

A trail I follow always leads  
To moss beside a stony tree  
And every time I think that there is something I can do  
I find I've always done it, and I never know to who  
(or perhaps whom)

—Benjie Burenstein '70



Parti-colored houses,  
backs to the bay  
face into the street  
as if waiting  
for the parade to begin.



July 5

Only and just too soon I  
will become a lost and  
yet infinite part of your memory  
perhaps remembered long and  
well, or

only to flash and flicker  
through in odd moments  
of misplaced remembering

But as for me, I know that  
I will remember you as  
clearly as I remember the  
first walk barefoot on an  
empty beach after the winter.

I will remember you  
forever and that seems  
to help somehow, knowing  
that.

But always to the  
cold reality of knowing  
you are gone, probably  
for good.

And that so  
many things  
needed and wanted to  
be said, were never said  
and so many stories were  
left unfinished without  
endings of their own

Yes that's it, they've  
gone unfinished, and  
will sit eternally on the  
desk of my mind  
without endings of  
their own, never to  
have endings

So many unfinished  
dreams.

—Gina Halpern '69

## Resurrection 1969

A bearded man with long hair went walking down a street in Philadelphia wearing only a loin cloth. A police officer approached him and said, "C'mon fella, we're going down to the station."

"But what have I done?"

"Indecent exposure. What are you trying to pull, anyway?"

"What I'm trying to do is see the President of your nation to tell him the ways of peace."

"So you're a Hippie, are you? Where's your draft card? Did ya burn it? Are you some kind of Commie agitator?"

"What is this talk of draft cards and Commie agitators? I just want to talk to your President and tell him the ways of peace."

"O.K. fella, if you insist on seeing the President, well I'll get you a picture you can hang in your cell. You peaceniks will

do anything to get attention. Even mock His Holy One. You know He died for people like you. If I hear one word, just one more word out of you, I'll shut you up but good!"

"I must see the President and tell him that peace is the only way."

"O.K. punk, I've HEARD enough!"

The policeman's club came down on the frail body of the man, sending him to the ground. By now a crowd of people had encircled the man and the cop. They screamed to the cop, "Hit him again!" So the cop did. The man, after several more blows, began to bleed at the hand, feet, and the area near his ribs.

A police car soon showed up, and they scraped the man up off of the cement. The cop who had silenced the peacenik assured the crowd that they would not see the Hippie again. And they won't.

GOD IS NOT DEAD, HE'S IN SOLITARY CONFINEMENT.

—Robert Forman '70

## The Poet and the Scientist

The poet takes a paragraph  
And says it in a word.  
Tennyson's "The Eagle"  
Tells more about the bird  
Than a whole encyclopedia  
Of scientific prose.  
(A simple observation  
Each poem pursuer knows.)  
But let no poet speak in scorn  
Or take a haughty air.  
The poet and the scientist  
Form a matching pair.  
"H<sub>2</sub>SO<sub>4</sub>," he says,  
"Reacts with CuO."  
What he means is surely clear  
To those who need to know.  
A poison gas that smells like eggs  
And copper oxide, too,  
Will meet to form a fresh design.  
His symbols give the clue.  
Copper sulfate will result  
With water residue.  
"Petals on a wet, black bough"  
(Give Ezra Pound his due.)  
Are faces at a metro stop —  
An image clear and tight.  
His metaphor makes meaning sharp  
As a chemist's symbol might.  
Abstract symbols put to use  
To concentrate a thought  
Are a measure of both disciplines  
In keeping senses taut.  
So let no chemist speak in scorn  
Or take a haughty air.  
The poet and the scientist  
Form a matching pair.

—Norma Michaelson

I don't want to be poetic,  
I don't wanna grasp for words.  
It's times like now I'm thinkin'  
My song will go unheard.

Yes, my body's weary  
And aching from lack of rest,  
But my mind is alive with emotion,  
And my heart pounds within my breast.

Sometimes I feel like crying  
For all the faceless, wandering souls  
Who live life like a train schedule  
With a universal goal.

I fear I'm wastin' words now  
My mind is confused with thought  
I just want to Live, not exist  
And try to avoid being caught—

In a mass of expressionless faces  
Too busy to stop for life  
To sense the ocean's freedom  
To feel the mystery of night,

To forget the hatred and ignorance  
Or fear of anything new  
That multiplies like a cancer cell  
And there's nothing else to do.

I'm only a girl of fifteen  
But I know what burns inside.  
I don't want the protection of the blinded mass.  
For I know I have nothing to hide . . .

— Anonymous







## Lovesweat

Splashing wet  
In lovesweat  
All warm inside  
Late night winds blow in  
Across the one thin sheet  
All is silence  
Peaceful is silence  
Two hearts share  
One silent beat

—Marie Margolis '69

My life is a shadow  
Trailing behind me.  
Tomorrow — a dream!  
Where is reality?  
What is today?

—Marie Margolis '69



## Experience

In a mourning glory dawn  
The ripe returning sun  
Comes reaching out towards me

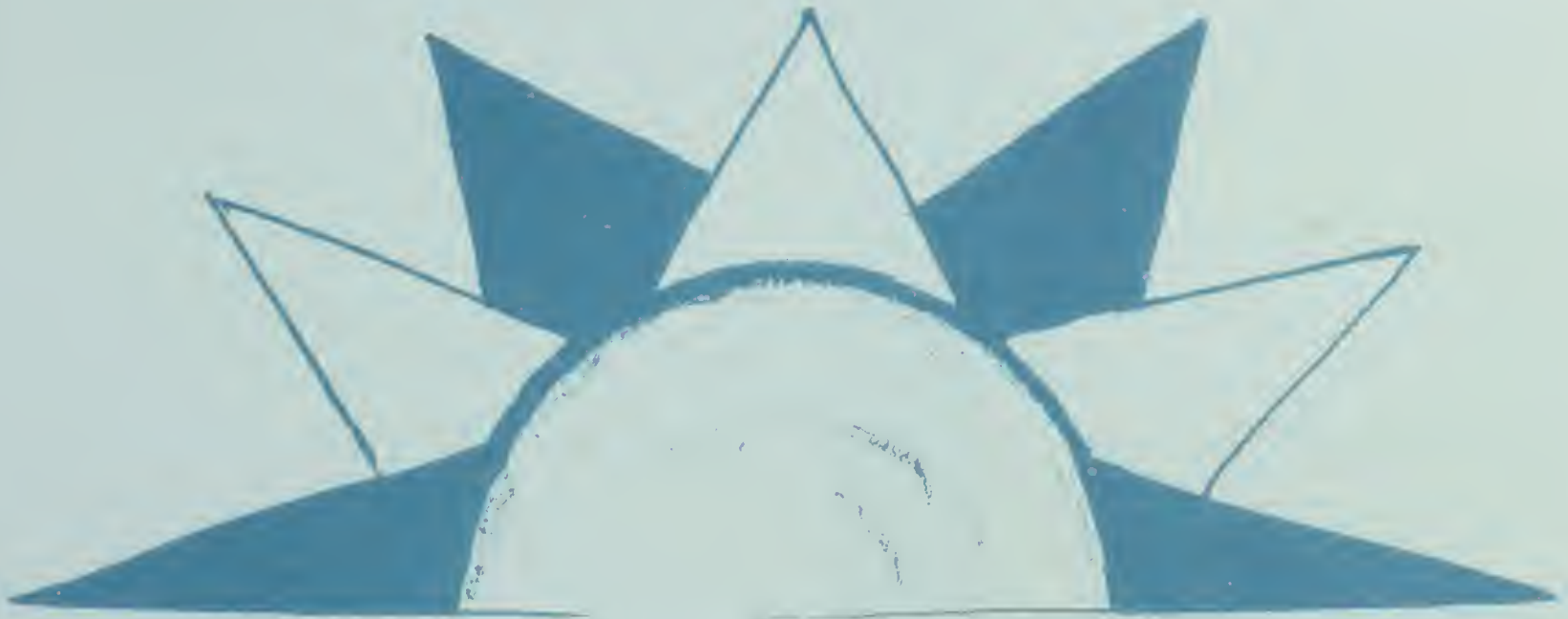
I look through crystal eyes  
With the foggy mistic mind  
Burning brightly at half-mast

Glorious glories shut closed  
Crystalized and Mortal Mind  
And a hand that's badly burned

—S. Gorman '69



## Something Wasn't Kosher on the Day That He Was Born



Well, it seems that one morning the sun didn't rise, and so the roosters didn't crow, and everybody was late for work. This being the case, everybody would have been in total darkness if it weren't for about 3.427,003,094 Christmas lights brightening the neighborhood. This may not seem strange, but all the blue ones were burnt out, and besides it was August 17th. Now it seems this was the year of the census, you know every ten years, so everybody had to stay put whilst the people-counter counted the people, because if everybody kept moving around, somebody could be counted two or three times and that makes for a sloppy census. So at 6:33 P.M. everybody had to stop moving so that they could be counted. Well, wouldn't you know that Edna Fudge would get stuck in some hole-in-the-ground place like Bethlehem, Pennsylvania just at 6:33 P.M.. It seems that Edna Fudge was just at this very time heavy with child, and Leotis Brown, who

was a part-time carpenter, was down at the lumber yard ordering some wood to make the kid that Edna Fudge was going to have a crib. So after Edna Fudge was counted, she noticed that she'd better get a room for the night. So she went to the Holiday Inn, and they said that they were sorry, but they had just rented their last room to some couple named Mary and Joseph—-but I didn't catch their last name. Anyway, it seems Bethlehem only had one doctor, and he was over at the Holiday Inn with Mary. So Edna Fudge found the nearest greenhouse, and it was there that she did give birth to her son Jesse Catholic. Leotis Brown, guided by the phosphorescent orange light that Edna Fudge emitted, found the greenhouse and set his son in the crib and wrapped him in white satin. Jesse Catholic looked at his mom and dad and smiled. As he smiled, the sun came up, and the flowers in the greenhouse bloomed once more.

—Clown '69

## You've Got the Blues



Walkin' down an alley on a Sunday night,  
See a chick you dig with another guy, it don't seem right.  
You wish you could punch his mouth, but you ain't into fightin'.  
It seems that there's a lot of wrongs that need a lot of rightin',  
You got the Blues.

You live in a hole on the poor side of town,  
You want somebody to talk to, but there ain't nobody around.  
Your ma's always drinking, you don't know your pop.  
You ain't got a job, but there's one thing ya got  
You got the Blues.

You decide you need a drink, you look for some place.  
You hate the life you're livin', ya wanna quit the race.  
The room you live in is garbage, below your window there's trash.  
You'll never get out of the dump, 'cause you ain't got no cash.  
You got the Blues.

—Craig Amarnick '70





Yellow gold,  
iridescent thoughts;  
ripples shot with sunlight  
silver run unnoticed  
lost in the maze  
and empty passing days  
too, all fall by the wayside  
joining hands with lost dreams,  
and unfollowed fortunes  
(into the awaiting fog.)

—Gina Halpern '69

There is a bridge of sky and one of land  
They span the night and day, the dream  
and reality;  
The chill of man's life  
The reflection of the sun casts itself in  
cherry highlights against the gray  
waves of the bay.  
I stand with the back of my jacket to the wind  
and my hair coming loose and blowing free  
and I see myself in the reflections of the  
water.  
Even though the bay and the sun are behind me  
and the darkness and stars before me. I know  
that I am like that bridge in the last rays  
of the sun, before the dark.  
We get older and older, and never see,  
and never know until it's too late.

—Gina Halpern '69



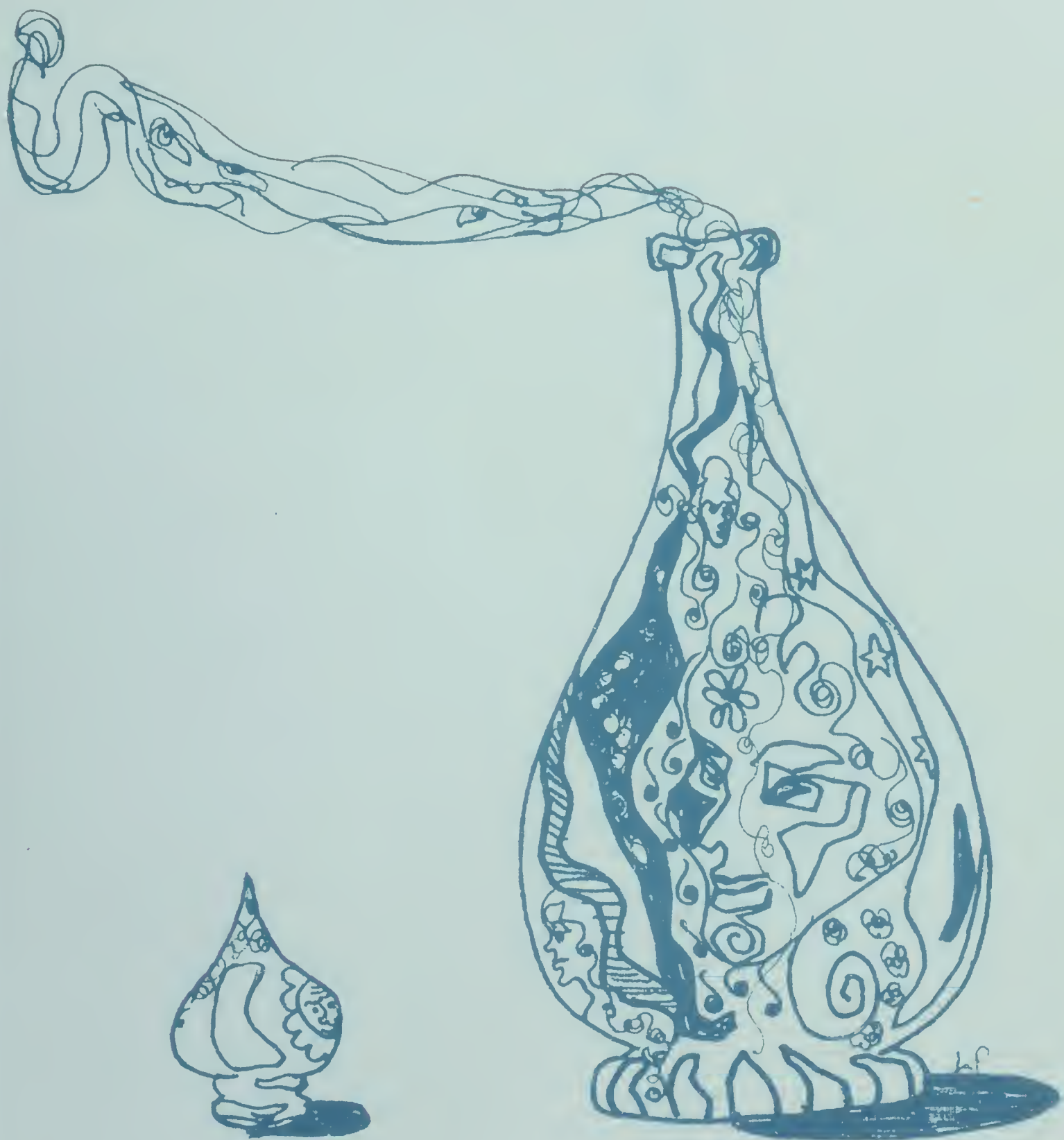
## How Do You Spell Toulouse-Lautrec?

Leaving nothing to the imagination, Edna Fudge said, "I've got the Blue." People usually hang around waiting for some glimpse of reality from Edna Fudge, but frankly, no one was expecting this announcement at such an inopportune moment. None of the reporters hesitated in catching the cross town bus. Thus the sight of only Edna Fudge (who was in the intermediate stages of the Blue) and Leotis Brown (who had had the Blue when he was nine, and it is only too highly improbable of anyone getting the Blue once, yet alone getting it on a second occasion) could be seen to radiate from the whereabouts of their existence. Being the only Fudge in the phonebook, it was not often that Edna would receive phone calls of the wrong number variety. But it was on this very same occasion that her phone did emit such noises that so moved her to remove it from its holder, and, being the thing to do at the time, put it to her ear. It was at this time that Leotis Brown came running into the room just in time to witness Edna Fudge gradually leaving a trail of blue smoke where her person had once been. Now Leotis Brown was not the smartest man on the block, but he was beginning to think that the scenes that he had just witnessed were not standard everyday occurrences. So Leotis Brown gathered the blue smoke into a bottle, and went down

to the pawn shop. The pawnbroker was skeptical of buying a second hand bottle of blue smoke, but Leotis Brown, being a betting man, and the pawnbroker, being a bit of a sporting fellow himself, decided that if none of the next ten customers came in with a bottle of blue smoke, then he would buy it. To Leotis' amazement, seven of the next ten people who entered into the confines of the shop carried with them a bottle of blue smoke not unlike the one which Leotis did himself hope to pawn. The pawnbroker said that he had never seen such a phenomena previous to that occasion. But it was to happen every week from that day hence. Leotis Brown, having lost his bet, walked out of the store and proceeded to cross the street. It was while he was crossing the very same street that he did witness another extraordinary happening. The blue smoke began to vanish, and in its place was the very same Edna Fudge whom I have previously mentioned in the story. It was while he was watching Edna Fudge reappear that a cross town bus carrying an undeterminable amount of reporters struck and killed them both. Well, it made every newspaper headline in town, and people for months afterwards could be heard saying, "Well now there isn't anyone by the name of Edna Fudge in the phonebook."

—Clown '69





## Time



TIME  
TIS YOUR PARENT  
BRINGING YOU TO BIRTH  
CARRYING YOU FOR CENTURIES  
UNTIL THE GIVEN HOUR

TIME  
YOUR EXECUTIONER  
BRINGING YOU TO DEATH  
TAKING LIFE FROM YOUR BODY  
EATING AT YOUR FLESH

—Edward L. Colletta '69

## Me

I am alone.

An island am I,

trapped in a prison of my soul.

The wardens are teachers and students —  
my so-called “friends”

trapped for life, I’ll never be free . . .  
to paint flowers on my feet  
and have all the friends I want.

But alas, I am trapped.

My emotions are tailored, I am cut, basted, and stitched.

I can’t laugh without hearing, “Shut up.”

I am TRAPPED

I was free one day — but never again.

—D.B.F. ’72



## Thees Ees De Ballad of El Grillo



Thee desert ees many thins to many men. To some, eet ees a plase to forget failures hand los' loves. To others, eet ees a plase to hide, fugitive from de law, or perhaps from yourself. For many, eet ees ha plase to park. Some men see een de desert ha challenge, wheech dey mus' haecept, and many weel loose de ensuing duel. Hot sun, lack of water, hongry beasts—all of thees har dangers wheech mus' be overcome, but eet ees no use. Thee desert ees lord and master, man ees eets toy, eets play thin'. Only won person ees strong enough to rule de desert; only won can hold thee reins. Thees man ees El Grillo. Short hand mild-mannered, who could guass de great strength that wells up from weethen thees man, holding even thee desert san's een terror. Many men speet at de moon, but only El Grillo can heet eet. There ees ha rumor that El Grillo ees thee only man ever to have won ha poker hand weeth ha two of clubs high. More sinister than de spider, more dangerous than de rattlesnake was he, for he struck weethout warnin'. Thee desert was hees own domain, hand none could eentrude weeth eempunity. Grillo slep' weeth hees han' on hees gun, hand hees face een de sand. Eet ees common to chew on railroad spikes, but El Grillo ees de only won who chews on de trains, hand eats sand for lunch. Some belief that whan de sun hides behine de clouds, eet ees een fear of Signor Grillo. El Grillo would laugh deeply while he shot down pleading cheeldren, weeth a smokeen seex-gun in won han', ha bull-wheel in de other. Eet ees said dere ees a grain of san' een de desert for each man El Grillo has keeled.

—Steve Wylen '70

A drum majorette named MacNiameter  
Had legs of prodigious diameter.  
It wasn't her shape  
That made them all gape.  
T'was her rhythm: iambic pentameter.

—Harris Boyle '70

## Strip-Tease

O how I'd love to lie  
    Lazy-eyed in flowers  
And answer you insolent  
    And indolent  
In cryptic phrases  
    Without the commas.  
And to hear the grass breathe,  
    Boasting idly, "I know them well."

But what can I say?  
    I'm allergic to pollen but  
Desire the pistil.  
    But I can't split the garden  
So I suffer and smother, Mother.

After brief introspection  
    I find . . . rigor mortis  
My land! My mind's going adult.  
    Gone are the days  
Of Superman and Poetry  
    And here comes Uncle Sam  
    And his  
        Steam  
        Roller  
        Huzzah!

—Mitch Rosenberg '70

Only a pool of spilled  
Unmilk is unreal  
    Homogenized  
        Pasteurized  
    Vitamin plus  
Strong plastic carton  
Struck color on color

Excitement  
Pull it open  
Pour it out  
That makes it easy  
On the cow  
Doesn't it?

—S. Gorman '69





## Upon Looking Down

Upon looking down, and seeing that everyone was looking up, God sent for his dispatcher, Leotis Brown. Leotis Brown bumped his wings on the door as he entered the room, and took the first chair on his right. Well, being Leotis' first day there, he didn't know anyone in Heaven, so he said to the guy who was in the corner with the long hair, playing the harp, "Have you seen Him yet?" And the kid at the harp said, "Seen who, man?" And Leotis said, "The man with the plan, the big boss with the hot sauce, the guy who's got religion comin' out his ears, the original, the one and only -- God, man! That's who." And so the kid at the harp said, "Oh, you mean Pop. Sure, he's in the back room." Well, I mean Leotis had never talked to Christ before, and so he turned all kinds of colors and was embarrassed, but he finally got up enough courage and asked, "Could I, ah . . . I mean could I see the holes in your hands and feet?" And J.C. said, "You must be new around here." Just then this guy walked out of the back room with the biggest pair of wings Leotis had ever seen. So right away Leotis knew that this was God. Well, God didn't say "Hello" or nothing. He just told Leotis that there had been some mistake and that Edna Fudge had taken the subway instead of the elevator and was now residing in

Hell when she should have been 2nd harp player in the Choir of God. And so it was Leotis' job to return Edna from her misfortune. Leotis Brown was given a gold cross to wear around his neck on the journey. The gold cross was to assure him safe passage between Heaven and Hell. When Leotis arrived at the bus depot in Hell, nobody came to meet him. So Leotis looked around, but couldn't find Edna anywhere. There were no fires in Hell, just a lot of cross town buses running all around. Leotis went up on the mountain to see if he could spot Edna Fudge from there. When he reached the top, he saw a cross, and upon the cross was Edna Fudge. Weepingly, he removed her from the cross, and placed his gold cross upon her breast. It seemed like Leotis had to hold the slain Edna Fudge for an eternity before the bus came to take them back. When they got back to Heaven's bus depot, there wasn't anyone to meet them there either, so Leotis Brown took Edna Fudge in his arms and proceeded to take her body to God to see if He could bring her back to life. Just then the sound of a cross town bus's brakes could be heard to screech! And, Upon Looking Down, the bus driver was said to have remarked, "That's the third time in seven stories that I've run over those two."

## Haiku



The weeping willow . . .  
Spreading her sensitive hands,  
Capturing the breeze.

—Randee Hurwitz '69

## Freedom

Freedom can be frightening  
No ties  
No stakes

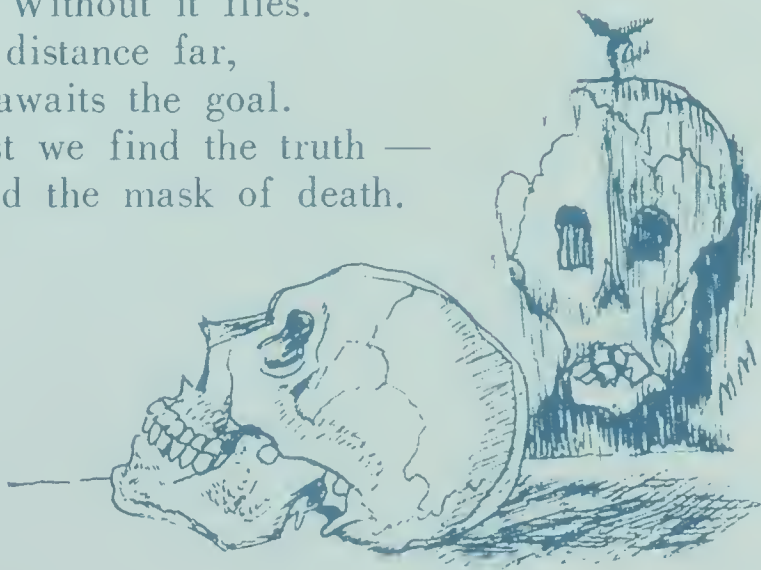
Nothing but  
Freedom  
Freedom  
But nothing

—Marie Margolis '69

## The Search

Through the weather of time,  
During the rain of life,  
I find the puddles,  
But yet I search.  
The truth runs,  
And still the game continues.

Run, yet faster go.  
Away! Without it flies.  
In the distance far,  
There awaits the goal.  
At least we find the truth —  
We find the mask of death.



—Garry Gordon '70

The Golden Sunlit  
Forever Zoff sits  
by the edge of the  
Forever brook under  
the shade of  
the peppermint  
trees, waiting  
for the return  
of the day and  
the lost  
piece  
of  
himself





once long before i was here and i shall revisit it in my time forever

—Benjie Burenstein '70



Turn on, my love,

Make our world a nicer  
place

With a painted smile on  
every face

And a little brown puppy  
to run and chase.

Come with me, my love,

There's a better world than  
where we live

Where joy is gained with  
nothing to give

And we can discover what  
life really is.

Do you feel it, my love?

Can you sense the flower  
growing?

Do you see the world is  
glowing?

And feel the freedom in  
the warm breeze blowing!

Don't cry, my love . . .

I know; it's gone and life  
has died,

The air is black with fear  
and we must hide.

How can all the poets  
have lied . . .?

—Anonymous



## On the Occasion of the Death Of a Friend's Loved One

Man can expect nothing in this life  
but Death.

Therefore, let us pray for a clean one,  
Grace given and accepted without malice—  
Or a death standing and fighting . . .  
One's reason for being.

Dying is not to be feared, but welcomed,  
Tho' scorned if it does not bring with it  
The sleep of the just . . .  
In Heaven or in Hell.

—Rex W. Van De Boe, Jr. '69

## A Run Down Cat

Splat! The big, black tire of the six by six went over the cat without a care. Once the cat had a strong, smooth body. Now she's left with an impression of tire treads. Once her fur would wave like the sheaves of wheat as the wind blew. Now the fur is smeared with a paste-like mixture of blood and guts. As years and cars go by, she becomes less and less noticeable until finally she, the concrete, and all of the other animals are one.

—Robert Forman '70

## Don't Tip-toe Down One Way Streets

Jesse Catholic used to walk around just diggin' the sky and the flowers and walkin' on the water. Well, Jesse was the smartest kid on the block, and he also had this real long hair. So most of the kids didn't like him because he was so much smarter than them, and a lot of kids weren't allowed to play with him because their mothers thought Jesse Catholic was a bad influence with the long hair and all. But there were about twelve guys who hung around with Jesse, and they all went around, and Jesse would preach love, and the twelve guys would all holler, "Listen to him, listen to him." They would all go out to the park and bring their girlfriends, and have picnics and pick flowers and watch Jesse toe the water. Jesse didn't have a girlfriend, you see, but all the animals loved Jesse Catholic, and every day Jesse read to them from this old book he had. But in time Jess's twelve friends all got married and took jobs as insurance salesmen, and Jesse

never heard from any of them except on Christmas he always got cards, which Jesse thought was real nice. So Jesse only had the animals. But one morning when Jesse went to the park, all the animals had been killed, and Jesse just cried for about . . . oh . . . forty days and approximately forty nights. But Jesse couldn't cry forever, so when the circus came to town Jesse thought he'd go. But the clowns made Jesse sad so he didn't stay for the sword swallowers or the fire eater. And Jesse went back to the park, but there was a big apartment building where the park used to be, and there was a summer water carnival on the lake, and it was November 3rd. So Jesse had a terrible headache, and he couldn't breathe, and he couldn't walk on the water, and he was on an elevator, and he was on a boat, and he was on a train, and he was sad, and there wasn't any aspirin, so he climbed a flag pole and fed the pigeons.

—Clown '69



AGAIN shall never come again.  
The deflowered flower withers.  
Soon it dies,  
And is swept up by the winds  
of finality.  
(the end)

—Marie Margolis '69



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